

NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 39.—VOL. XXI.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1809.

NO. 1081.

AGNES FELTON.

(Concluded.)

We had by this time reached the cottage, having in our short tour seen several little elegant and striking views, the fore ground of which, as sequestered and lying near the cot, had been greatly improved by the genius of Felton. I would now have taken my leave, for the sun was near the horizon, but Felton begged I would step in, and, as he expressed it, grace his humble shed. I could not refuse;—here was an air of gentleness and sincerity about him that would not admit of a refusal; so I stepped into a very neat little parlour, where, sitting down, the good old man desired his daughter to bring some of her best wine; "if you can excuse," he said, "what an old soldier can afford, you are welcome. Heaven has not given me affluence, Sir, but it has blessed me with what I value more, a lot above dependence, and a heart that is grateful for the gift." I was much affected, and, without saying a word, involuntarily stretched out my hand; he placed his in mine—we were silent—Miss Felton entered—she smiled, and throwing her blue eyes with bewitching sweetness upon me, offered the wine. I took a glass; my hand trembled; I drank her health; it was, I thought, the most delightful wine I had ever tasted; I praised her skill; she blushed. "I am glad, Sir, it pleases you," she said.

At this moment, turning round to speak to her father, the bright hilt of a sword, which hung across the chimney piece, caught my attention. Felton observed it, and, rising from his chair, took it down; he drew it from the scabbard; "this," cried he, waving it round his head, "this, Sir, was once my only fortune, my only friend; with this, (and much good service has it done me,) with this I've known the day when, shrinking from the lightning of its edge, the foes of Felton have retired." As he spoke this, a transient light flashed from his eyes, but pausing a while, an expression mild and pensive succeeded: "those days," continued he, "are past, nor do I wish them to return; turbulent they were, and marked with blood; war was never my enjoyment, I never did delight in devastation; the tears of the mournful were ever bitter to my soul." He sighed, and sheathing his sword, placed it in its former situation. "No," he continued, "tho' ever ready, and with a willing heart, to serve my country, yet never did I taste the sweets of happiness, till having sought retirement, I indulged the pleasures of domestic life. Here, with my Agnes and a few friends, every wish is gratified. I here possess, and am thankful for it, my share of human bliss."

During this little speech, Miss Felton sat near a table, her head reclined upon her hand, her eyes were fixed upon her father, they were full of tears, tears of grateful rapture. "Sure," thought I, "if content did ever visit the abode of man, her residence is here, where virtue, and where feeling hearts, where peace and competence combine. Ah! never, in the warmest sally of my imagination, never did I fancy any

thing so beautiful as this spot of ground, or aught so lovely as its gentle tenants." How to take leave of them I knew not; the sun had already set, and the moment of separation drew near, of a separation perhaps eternal. I rose, I kissed the white hand of Miss Felton; and, embracing her father, hurried out of the room, without being able to utter a single word; the night was fine, the moon had risen, and sweetly illuminated the lake and distant mountains; all, except the nightingale, was mute; and struck by a scene so accordant with my feelings, it was late ere I reached the village, where, giving way to a strain of pensive enthusiasm, I wrote, before I went to rest, the following stanza:—

I go; farewell, my beautiful maid!
I leave the land beloved for thee;
From Grasmere's hills afar conveyed,
From all that whispered joy to me.

Though dear the little native vale
To which I turn my lingering feet,
Though dear the friends who in that dale
Expect their much loved son to greet:

Yet will they hear the deep drawn sigh,
As shuns his couch the traitor sleep;
Yet will they view his languid eye,
And o'er the love-lorn mourner weep.

Oh, had ye known the gentle maid,
How soft her accent, mild her air,
How sweet her dark brown ringlets played,
And trembled on her bosom fair;

Ye would not, Oh, my friends, admire,
Why seeks your son the walk by stealth,
Why beats his pulse with feverish fire,
Why fades the purple glow of health.

And must I leave you, must we part?
Ah, ruthless fortune bids to fly,
Nor heeds the pang that swells my heart,
Nor marks the tear o'erflowing eye!

Yet hope shall soothe the bosom care,
Shall fondly prompt the tender sigh,
Shall smiling wave her golden hair,
And roll her blue voluptuous eye.

Perchance when time hath stolen away
A few dull years of toil and pain;
Ah, then, perchance, may beam a day
To guide me to my love again.

MORAL.

"There is something very attractive and pleasing in progress. It is agreeable to observe a stately edifice rising up from the deep basis, and becoming a beautiful mansion. It is entertaining to see the rough outline of a picture filled and finished. It is striking in the garden to behold the tree renewing signs of life; to mark the expanding foliage, the opening bud, the lovely blossom, the swelling, colouring, and ripening fruit. And where is the father, where is the mother, whose eye has not sparkled with delight, while contemplating the child growing in stature; acquiring by degrees the use of its tender limbs: beginning to totter, and then to

walk more firmly; the pointing finger succeeded by the prattling tongue; curiosity awakened; reason dawning; new powers opening; the character forming. But nothing is to be compared with the progress of "this building of God," these "trees of righteousness," this "changing into his image from glory to glory," this process of "the new creature" from the hour of regeneration, "unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ." And Oh! what is it when we are the subjects too! The nearer we live to heaven, the more of its pure and peaceful influence we enjoy. The way of life, narrow at the entrance, widens as we proceed. It is the nature of habits to render their acts easy and delightful.—There is little pleasure in religion if there be no fervency; if there be no vigour in faith, no zeal in devotion, no life in duty, religion is without a soul; it is the mere carcase of inanimate virtue. What sensations of extacy, what prospects of assurance can such christians expect? In conversion, as in the alteration of an old edifice, we first demolish, and this only furnishes us with rubbish and ruins; but afterwards we raise up an orderly beautiful building, in which we are refreshed and charmed.—What an happiness arises from difficulties overcome, and from labour crowned with success! What emotions can equal the one, who after the painful battle "divides the spoils?" But what can resemble the satisfaction of the Christian, who on each successful exertion, gathers fresh "glory, honour, and immortality!" The life of the active Christian is the labour of the bee, who all day long is flying from the hive to the flower, or from the flower to the hive; but all his business is confined to fragrant, and productive of sweets."

ACCOUNT OF A HORNED MAN.

FRANÇOIS TROUVILLEU, was a man of a middle stature, a full body, bald, except in the hinder part of the head, which had a few hairs upon it; his temper was morose, and his demeanour altogether rustic; he was born in a little village called Mezieres, and bred up in the woods amongst the charcoal men. About the seventh year of his age he began to have a swelling in his forehead, so that about the seventeenth year of his age he had a horn there as big as a man's finger end, which afterwards did admit of that growth and increase, that when he came to be thirty five years old, this horn had both the bigness and resemblance of a ram's horn. It grew upon the midst of his forehead, and then bended backward as far as the coronal suture, where the other end of it did sometimes so stick in the skin, that to avoid much pain he was constrained to cut off some part of the end of it: whether this horn had its root in the skin or forehead, I know not; but probably being of that weight and bigness, it grew from the skull itself; nor am I certain whether this man had any of those teeth called grinders. For two months together the man was exposed as a show in Paris, where (says Uretilius,) in the year 1798, I, in company with

Dr. Jacobus Paeschius, the public professor at
Bald, and Mr. Joannes Eckenstentius, did see
and handle this horn. From Paris he was car-
ried to Orleans, where, (as I am informed,) he
died soon after.

A FRIENDLY HINT TO THE LADIES.

THE propensity for a *thinness* of dress, among many
of our fashionable Females, is an extreme folly which
can claim no extenuation; while we are daily wit-
nesses of the direful consequences which are the re-
sult of so great an evil.

It appears that the greatest number of cases that
have come under our care during this month, have
been of *Pneumonia*. But although it is the prevailing
disease, it has not been so general as it frequently is
at this season of the year among the poorest class of
Citizens; nor has the disease been generally inflam-
matory.

The *Consumption* however, has carried off a great
many, and perhaps has been unusually fatal. Even in
dispensary practice, where this disease is not so com-
mon as among the higher classes of citizens, it will be
seen the number is considerable. But a slight re-
view of bills of mortality, of this city, will show that
nearly one-third of the whole number of deaths arise
from Consumption. This can be accounted for only
upon the supposition that our habits are not adapted
to the climate.

It is not the degree of cold that affects us, but the
variations of the weather. Even through the Summer
season the changes are frequent and often times very
sudden. Our mornings are generally mild and pleasant;
but in the evenings the southern breezes come in from
the sea, loaded with vapor, and giving a chill to the
whole atmosphere. It is this change that prostrates the
system and undermines the constitution.

But it is not to this alone that we must attribute the
whole effect—or else we should find both sexes equal-
ly victims of the disease; whereas, perhaps, four fifths
of those who suffer from it are females. This then
points directly to the cause; and is an evidence that
nothing is wanting, but proper attention to clothing,
in order to prevent the effect. Fashion is the bane of
civilized life, and is more destructive to health, than
sword, pestilence, and famine.

In European countries (France in particular) the
climates are in general mild and uniform, and there
is not the necessity for warmth of clothing, that there
is in this country. But, forgetting that the Atlantic
ocean separates us from Europe, and that Paris is not
in America, several adopt their fashions, and thus
sacrifice to preposterous folly, health and life. Their
dress may be suitable to their climate; but is not in
ours.

Our dress should be rather warm. It should be
changed as the weather changes, although it be 2 or
3 times a day. Flannel should be worn constantly
next the skin; thus confining the body, as it were, in
an atmosphere of its own, which will be more uniform
than that around us. And this practice should be
adopted early in life.

We should avoid exposure to night air, without
any additional covering. And particular attention
should be paid to keep the feet dry and warm; for
more than one-half of the diseases find admittance
through this avenue.

In fine we should avoid excesses of all kinds; and
the consequence must be, health and happiness.

EPIGRAM.

Pat quarrelled with Murphy, they fought and were
friends;
Says Pat, 'I hate fighting—to make some amends
Let's drink and be merry'—the other agreed,
But mark the effects which from liquor proceed!
That friendship in them might the longer remain,
They quickly, for love, went to fighting again.

REMARK.

Familiarity breeds contempt, says the proverb.
There is not a more bitter satire upon man than the
truth of that observation; for, to a virtuous mind, fa-
miliarity only breeds esteem.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

LINES.

Addressed to Miss R. M. upon leaving the Valley in
Pennsylvania, where she resided.

The dusky cloud of night was spread,
The gale in murmuring whispers sigh'd;
The pale moon trembling lustre shed,
On Delaware's gently rolling tide.

Ah! Ellen then with tearful eye,
I thought on you I'd left behind,
I thought on every hour gone by
When I was blest; when you was kind.

Then keenest anguish wrung my heart,
When recollection told me true;
That far from Ellen I must part,
That we had bid a long adieu.

And, Oh! if faithless and unkind,
You should forget your Henry's love;
Ah! what despair would seize my mind,
Death then my only friend would prove.

But Ellen will be just and true,
She's tender, artless, and sincere;
Nought can our mutual ties undo,
And absence will our loves endear.

And who has e'er such joy express?
As when this cruel absence's o'er;
My Ellen in these arms shall rest,
Nor fate have power to part us more.

Wilmington, Delaware, June 28, 1809.

H. F.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

TO A FRIEND.

A PARODY.

Let Peace and Contentment my bosom still dwell in,
And to insolent Greatness I ne'er will pretend;
For it cannot bestow, what I boast in my ELLEN,
That blessing of blessings—a *Virtuous Friend*.

HIBERNICUS.

MARIA.

MARIA, fond maid, in the cold grave now sleeping,
Soft, soft blows the gales, and the moon beams at
night,
Gleam light o'er thy tomb, where the wild flowers
creeping,
On a once beating heart, ah! lie gentle and light.

For Maria was gay when she hail'd the fair morning
Of childhood, and heedless of sorrow to come;
The bright glow of health her young cheeks were a-
dorning,
A stranger to care, she would cheerfully roam.

But many a rose has been nipt in the blossom,
And withered alas! ere its leaves could expand,
Poor Maria, the canker worm entered her bosom,
And on her, cruel death laid his cold wither'd hand.

In the grave, ah! she feels not the faithless affection
Of him who once promised a friendship sincere,
No longer distracted by mournful reflection
Of him who once loved her and who was still dear.

Ah! why fickle man—as the ocean unstable,
Think, think on the victim who languished for thee,
Reflect for a moment, to think thou wert able,
From pain and from sorrow that victim to free.

Go visit her grave, while the ling'ring moon light
Gleams light o'er a breast thou hast rendered for-
lorn,
Low, low in the tomb lies the once loved Maria,
Ah, weep faithless man, that she never was born.

On the green flowery turf where her beauties now
moulder,
Shed the tear of soft pity that once was denied,
Let memory now soften a heart that was colder,
Than the clay-cold remains of thy once promised
bride.

FRIENDSHIP.

OR THE DOG AND THE CAT MORALIZED.

THE generous and selfish kinds of friendship, as
they exist among mankind, are exemplified in the dog
and the cat. The dog, whose attachment you have
gained, is never alienated by any change that can
happen in your circumstances. If you are despoiled
of your property, turned out of doors, stripped naked,
or clothed in rags; if you are disgraced, buffeted
and spurned by the fist and by the foot of insolence,
your dog still cleaves to you, and his affection seems
to increase with the increase of your needs. He will
cheerfully follow you to the ends of the earth; and
for the sake of your company, or to soothe you in dis-
tress, will voluntarily endure hunger and cold and
even expose his own life to destruction. That is friend-
ship of the noble kind. Fortunate is the man, or the
woman, who has obtained even few friends, of the hu-
man species of this generous sort. 'Their price is
above rubies.'

But not such is the friendship of the cat. She as
well as the dog is domesticated; but her attachment
is to your house, and not to your person. If you leave
your house, she will not follow you, but chooses to
live with the next owner, selfishly abiding where she
has enjoyed a warm kitchen and good fare. If you
hold out to her a luscious morsel, she will pur about
you and put on the airs of attachment and fondness;
and she quickly forsakes you, when you cease to feed
her. This selfish, cat-like friendship is common
among mankind. The wisest among men observed,
'Many will entreat the favor of the prince; and every
man is a friend to him that giveth gifts.' On the other
hand, he remarked, 'All the brethren of the poor do
hate him; how much more do his friends go far from
him? He pursueth them with words, but they are
wanting to him.'

Stolidus had a fortune left him, and was withal pro-
fusely liberal; and consequently he had many friends.
His large mansion was crowded with them, day and
night. Soon, however, it happened that his fortune
was dissipated, and the iron hand of poverty began
to oppress him. But he had still one consolation left.
'I have spent my estate,' said Stolidus to himself,
'but I have made to myself numerous friends.' It
was not long before he had urgent occasion to try his
friendship, when, lo! to his utter confusion, he found
that all his friends were of the cat character. While
he owned the great house and kept a sumptuous ta-
ble, they fondly clung to him; but when all was gone,
they stood aloof, shunned him as if he had been cov-
ered with a foul leprosy.

Hast thou a real friend?—Prize the blessing, and
take heed not to lose it by imprudence, or negligence.
Also whenever thou art making splendid professions
of friendship, ask the heart, whether they do not con-
tain the corrupt leaven of hypocrisy, or whether thy
own friendship toward others be not too much of the
cat kind.

ANECDOTE

At the commencement of the late war, when the
dread of a 'press-gang' kept the minds of many in
perpetual alarm, an American tar, whom Neptune
had not treated with the utmost lenity, resolved to
quit his station on deck, and sleep in the cabin, till the
storm had blown over. Accordingly, with his favour-
ite lass he retired some miles from Boston, built a
snug little hut, and night and day alternated to his
bottle and his Poll. A crew of old mesmates hear-
ing of Jack's precipitate retirement, made diligent
search for his abode. A short period marked their
success: The hut, which was elevated on large stumps,
and of no great size, presented an object to gratify
their humour. In the dead of night these brethren
of the sea raised the hut on their shoulders, and
transported it from the side of a hill, where it stood,
into the centre of a pine grove, at a mile's distance.
This performed, they returned unperceived. At the
dawn of day, Jack, as was usual, opening the door
to pass a judgment on the weather, was saluted by a
pine bough, which very forcibly complimented his
face with a 'good morning.' Never having read of
queen Mab's nocturnal incantations, he was at loss to
conjecture how he could have run so many knots in
so few hours. At length rubbing his eyes several
times, he says, 'D—mn me Poll, unless my lights
are in a sea-log, we've been dragging our anchor all
night!'

The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, NOVEMBER 4, 1809.

The city inspector reports the death of 50 persons, (of whom 17 were men, 8 women, 10 boys, and 15 girls) during the week ending on Saturday last, viz: Burnt or scalded 2, cold 1, consumption 12, convulsions 4, diarrhoea 1, dropsy 3, drowned 1, dysentery 1, remittent fever 2, typhus fever 5, infantile flux 3, hives 1, inflammation of the bowels 1, inflammation of the lungs 1, insanity 1, locked jaw 1, old age 1, small-pox 1, sprue 2, still-born 2, teething 1, whooping cough 1, and 2 of worms.

The following persons died in the New-York Hospital during the month of October last, viz: Thomas Bull, from Ireland, seaman, gangrene; James Mc-Guigan, do. labourer, typhus fever; Sally Johnson, St. John's, New-Brunswick, unmarried, consumption; James Wood, Pennsylvania, seaman, scrofula; and Robert Johnson, England, labourer, mania.

The hospital in New-Orleans was burnt down on the 22d ult. and three of the patients perished in the flames.

Suicide.—Wednesday afternoon, Mr. Ralph Shrigly, tailor, of this city, went into the shop of a Mr. Taylor, hair-dresser in Nassau-street and in his absence took a razor and cut his throat from ear to ear—he expired in a few minutes. In his pocket was found a note, dated October 25, 1809, in which he declared his determination to destroy himself the first opportunity which offered—He has left a wife and four children to lament his untimely death.

Keene Oct. 21.—On Tuesday last, Peter Dastin, of Acworth, and James Hoyt of Alstead, were had before Amos Shepard Esq. of Alstead charged with counterfeiting the bills of several Banks. On examination counterfeit bills of the following banks, of various denominations were found on them, to a considerable amount, viz: Hillsborough, Washington, New-York state, Manhattan Company, Mohawk, Warren, Exchange Bank at Providence, Vermont state Bank, Hollowell and Augusta, Coos, Concord (Towee and Walker) and 100 dollar bill of the Union Bank, Boston. They were severally recognised to appear at the next Supreme Court, to be holden in this town, on Tuesday next, in the sum of 2000 dollars each. They were committed to Charles-town jail, the same evening.

A Copperas Factory has lately been established in the town of Stratford, Orange County, Vermont, the proprietors of which state that they have manufactured Copperas of a quality superior to any ever imported and dispose of it on better terms than can be procured in our seaports.

Norfolk, October 27.—Yesterday while the Pilot-Boat Lilly was on her way to Hampton Roads, she unfortunately upset off Lambert's Point—There were three passengers on board, which, with the crew, were saved by the alacrity of the officers of the frigate United States

A singular and unfortunate accident occurred in an adjacent village lately: A Mr. Wilks, some time after sunset, was examining some empty wine casks, which lay in the yard, and observing an unusual smell to issue from one of them, applied a lighted candle to its bung. It instantly burst with a loud explosion. A piece of the

heading struck Mrs. W. who unfortunately was in its way, knocked her down cut her lips and nose almost entirely off, did considerable injury to her teeth and other parts of her body. She received the blow obliquely, otherwise the consequence had probably been fatal. The parts, however, were shortly afterwards secured in their proper situation, and we are told she is likely to do well. So violent was the explosion that a piece of the heading which struck a water barrel standing at some distance fractured several of the staves.

The cause of this explosion, which has excited considerable speculation and surprise, could be no other than inflammable air (hydrogenous gas) which had accumulated in the cask. The properties of this gas are well known to Chemists. It smells like putrid fish, and cannot be very safely breathed even when largely diluted with vital air. Pilatre du Rosier, a French chemist however, mixed a ninth part of vital air with pure hydrogenous gas, filled his lungs with it, and set it on fire during the exhalation—which produced an explosion so dreadful that the philosopher had like to have lost all his teeth by the experiment. *Lon. Pap.*

The following public-gratifying advertisement is copied from the Norfolk Ledger of Wednesday last.

"It is a bad wind that favours no voyage—A large part of the community will gain what a small part will lose, by an attempt to undersell me—I will enter into the system of underselling."

"My price, therefore, shall be as low, or lower, for Boots and Shoes, than any person's in Norfolk, provided they do not take less than two dollars for good Boots!"

"Oct. 11. SAM'L COLEMAN."

FROM A LONDON PAPER.

The natives of the principality of Wales, have long been characterized for heat and impetuosity of temper; but, that they display an adequate portion of forgiveness, is strongly exemplified in an advertisement that appeared in the last Cambrian newspaper, of which the following is an extract:

"A CAUTION—Whereas, my wife, Ann Jones of Landover, hath absconded herself from me thirty times, without any reasonable cause whatever, and consequently involved me in many debts to the injury of my circumstances, without my knowledge or approbation—this is to give Notice, &c."

TEN DOLLARS REWARD.

Lost or stolen from the pocket of the subscriber, on Wednesday afternoon, it is supposed at the corner of Front street and Burling slip, a Red Morocco Strap Pocket Book, containing about 70 dollars in Bank Notes, viz. one of 20, two or three of 10, and the remainder in smaller notes. It also contained a number of loose papers, of but little value to any but the owner. It was marked with the name of the subscriber, and a small counting-house almanac pasted in the inside. Whoever will leave the same, with the contents, at the store of Phoenix and Muir, No 38 Front-street, shall receive the above reward, and be asked no questions.

"HENRY P. RUSSELL."

Oct 21 1079—tf

MRS. HADLEY.

Is removed from No 140 Broad-way, to No 12 Court-andt-street, where she carries on the Millinery Business in all its Branches. She has for sale a variety of Fancy Millinery, of the Newest Fashion, which she will sell on very reasonable terms.

"Makes up Ladies own materials"

October 14 1078—tf

COURT OF HYMEN.

Observe the maiden innocently sweet,
She's fair white paper, an unsullied sheet;
On which the happy man whom fate ordains,
May write his name and take her for his pains.

MARRIED.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Cooper, Mr Abraham Tanner, to Miss Hilah Concklin, daughter of Matthias Concklin, all of this city.

On the same evening, by the Rev. Mr. Cooper, Mr. David Gillespie, merchant, to Miss Mary Stewart Post, both of this city.

On the same evening, by the Rev. Mr. Burk, Mr. William Patterson, merchant, to Miss Alleta Crane, daughter of Mr. David J. Crane, all of this city.

On the same evening by the Rev. Mr. Milledoler, Mr. Edward Saries, of Elizabeth town, N. J. to Miss Elizabeth Mary Todd, of this city.

On Wednesday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Seixas, Mr. E. S. Lazarus, to Miss Z. Hart, daughter of Mr. J. Hart, sen. all of this city.

On Wednesday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Lyell, Mr. George Schmelzel, Jun. Merchant, to Miss Maria Bolmer, daughter of Mr. Matthew Bolmer, all of this city.

On Thursday evening the 26th ult. by the Rev Dr. Romeyne, Mr. John Elsworth Hyde, of the late firm of Cleveland and Hyde, to Miss Maria Little, daughter of Jonathan Little Esq. of this city.

At New-Bedford, Mr. John L. Bowne merchant, of this city, to Miss Eliza Howland, daughter of Mr. William Howland.

MORTALITY.

The moments as they swiftly pass,
Adown life's over running glass;
Life's warm pulsations few, and free,
All intimate eternity.

DIED.

On the 27th ult. of a lingering illness, Mr. George Stanton, aged 77 years.

On Thursday evening, the 26th ult. of a lingering illness, Mr. David Saffen.

At Plattsburgh, on the 20th ult. Mrs. Mary Platt relict of the late Judge Zephaniah Platt, of Dutchess county.

At Boston, on Wednesday last, Lady Elizabeth Temple, widow of the late Sir John Temple Baronet; his Britanic Majesty's Consul General for the Eastern districts of the United States, and daughter of the late Governor Bowdoin.

On the 17th ult. Dr. James Lynch, Physician and Director General of all the Military Militia Hospitals in South Carolina, aged 72 years, 46 of which he has been a resident thereof.

MISS HONEYWELL.

Informs the ladies and gentlemen of this city, that she has opened a room of Curiosities, at No. 267 Broadway, executed by herself, without hands.

Admittance 25 Cents—Children half price

Those who visit her room of Curiosities can see her work if they chuse. She embroiders, threads her needle, ties the knot, cuts fancy pieces, watch-papers with initials or the full name.

All those pieces for sale by the lady at the above place.

Admittance from 9 in the morning till 9 in the evening

Nov 4 1081—1m

WANTED IMMEDIATELY.

One or two Tayloresses. None need apply but those who perfectly understand their business; to such, good wages and constant employ will be given, on inquiry at No. 214, Greenwich street.

"A Girl as an Apprentice wanted to the Tailoring Business—Inquire as above"

October 14th 1078—4t

RAGS WANTED.

SUITABLE FOR SURGEONS' USE.
AN EXTRA PRICE WILL BE GIVEN.
INQUIRE AT THIS OFFICE.

COURT OF APOLLO.

MODERN SONNET.

Dark was the night—the lightning's vivid flash
Incessant streamed along the troubled air!
Loud howled the wind—the thunder's dreadful crash
Filled every heart with terror and despair!

Wandering alone, unsolicited and forlorn,
Alone traversed o'er the dreary heath,
(Exposed to all the fury of the storm)
Headless of danger, or impending death.

And now the angry spirit of the gale,
Borne on a cloud of black and gloomy hue,
Tremendous shrieked and shook the frightened vale.
While dread, terrific forms appear in view.
At length the youth, (to solve this mystic riddle)
Plunged in a ditch—almost up to his middle!

THE RUNAWAY.

An! who is he by Cynthia's gleam
Discerned, the statue of distress:
Weeping beside the willowed stream,
That bathes the woodland wilderness!

Why talks he to the idle air?
Why, listless, at his length reclined,
Heaves he the groan of deep despair,
Responsive to the midnight wind?

Speak, gentle shepherd? tell me why?
—Sir! he has lost his wife, they say—
Of what disorder did she die?
—Lord, sir! of none—she ran away.

BENEVOLENCE.

BENEVOLENCE, thou sacred aid,
And attribute of God,
May thy blest influence still pervade
Afflictions dark abode.

O'er this tempestuous world of care
Thy torch effulgent gleams,
And pour'st a heavenly radiance there,
Like Sol's diffusive beams.

Thy vot'ries seek pale Want's abode,
And worth without a name:—
Thus Howard marched thro' mis'ry's road
To everlasting fame.

PITY.

Soft as the falling dews of night
The tear of pity flows;
Bright as the moon's returning light,
That gilds the opening rose.

Sweet as the fragrant breeze of May,
Her sympathetic sigh,
Mild as the morning tint of day,
The beam that lights her eye.

Still, gentle spirit, o'er my heart,
Preserve thy wonted sway;
Teach me to blunt affliction's dart,
And soothe her cares away.

Or, if thy anxious efforts fail,
While sorrows still pursue,
I'll wish, while listening to the tale,
That good I cannot do.

CISTERNS

Made and put in the ground complete warrant-
ed tight by C. ALFORD;
No 15, Catharine street, near the Watch house



RULEFF CONOVER,

(Late Foreman to Mr. Reuben Burr.)

Respectfully informs the Ladies of this city, and his friends in general, that he has taken that convenient stand at the blue window, No. 120, Broadway, directly opposite the City Hotel, where he intends to carry on the LADIES' SHOE MAKING in all its various branches, in the neatest and most fashionable manner. The public may depend upon the strictest attention being paid to their commands. The subscriber's long and unremitted attention to the above business for upwards of eight years in the first rate shops in this city, he hopes will entitle him to a share of the public patronage.

R. C. intends to keep none but the very best materials and workmen, which will enable him, by known ability and strict attention, to give general satisfaction. Ladies, by sending their messages, shall be personally attended to at their respective places of abode, and their orders thankfully received and executed with the strictest attention, being determined to spare no pains or exertions to merit the favours of a generous public.

September 21

1075—1f

BILIOUS CORDIAL.

A FRESH SUPPLY, JUST RECEIVED,

AND FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

In Bottles at Four or Six Shillings each.

An immediate, safe and effectual remedy in the most inveterate cases of *BILIOUS CHOLIC*, and is peculiarly proper in all complaints proceeding from a redundancy of Bile. It may be used to great advantage in Complaints of the Bowels generally, and is as agreeable as efficacious.

A supply of the above cordial is just received from the proprietor (a resident of New Jersey, who having witnessed the happy effects resulting from its use for several years past, considers it a duty highly incumbent to place it more in the way of his fellow-creatures.

Numerous affidavits (and those the most respectable) might be produced of its utility and effects, but these auxiliaries are too often abused in recommending trash as specifics in every complaint.

A trial of the Bilious cordial will in itself be its best recommendation.

August 19.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY.

An Apprentice to the Printing Business. A Boy of 15 or 16 years of age will meet with good encouragement by applying at this office
November 4

S. DAWSON'S, WARRANTED DURABLE INK, FOR WRITING ON LINEN WITH A PEN, FOR SALE,

by the quantity or single bottle, at No 3 Peck-Slip and at the Proprietors, 48 Frankfort-street.
Oct 21

THOMAS MORTON,

Begs leave to acquaint his friends and the public that he has removed to No 92 William-street, the store occupied by the late Mrs. Brasher: where he has for sale the following fancy and staple articles—

Damask and diaper table cloths
Fine French cambrics and lincins
Twilled cotton sheetings
6-4 wide checks and bed ticks
Chintz, calicoes and ginghams
Fancy shawls, silk, cotton and camels hair
Ladies and gentlemen's silk and cotton hose
Gentlemen's English black silk extra sizes do.
India book, cambrics and mulmull muslins
Plain, Fancy, and Doras Pelongs
Ribbons, sewing Silks, cotton and silk Trimmings
Fancy Vesting, Casimeres and Cloths
Cotton Yarn for Sewing, Knitting and Drawing
Pins, Tapes, velvet Binding and Fans
White and coloured Threads, floss silk and Thread,
with a variety of other Articles, which will be sold low, wholesale and retail
May 27

1038—1f

TORTOISE SHELL COMBS

FOR SALE, BY
N SMITH—CHYMICAL PERFUMER
FROM LONDON,

At the sign of the Golden Rose,
NO 114 BROADWAY

Just received a handsome assortment of Ladies ornamented Combs of the newest fashion—also Ladies plain Tortoise Shell Combs of all kinds

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash Boil far superior to any other for softening beautifying and preserving the skin from chopping, with an agreeable perfume 4 and 8s each

Gentlemen's Morocco Pouches for travelling, that holds all the shaving apparatus complete in a small compass

Odours of Roses for smelling bottles

Smith's improved Chymical Milk of Roses well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples redness or sunburns, and is very fine for gentlemen after shaving, with printed directions, 3s 4s 8s and 12s bottle, or 3 dollars per quart

Smith's Pomade de Grasse for thickening the hair and keeping it from coming out or turning grey 4s and 8s per pot. Smith's Tooth Paste warranted Violet double scented Rose Hair Powder 2s 6d

Smith's Savoyonne Royal Paste for washing the skin, making it smooth delicate and fair 4 and 8s per pot, do paste

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder for the teeth and gums, warranted—2 and 4s per box

Smith's Vegetable Rouge for giving a natural colour to the complexion, likewise his Vegetable or Pearl Cosmetic, for immediately whitening the skin

Smith's superfine Hair-Powder. Alu and powder for the skin, 8s per lb

Smith's Circassia or Antique Oil for curling, glossing and thickening the hair, and preventing it from turning grey 4s per bottle

Highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft Pomatums 1s per pot or roll. Doled do 2s

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips 2 and 4s per box

Smith's Lotion for the teeth warranted
His purified Alpine Shaving Cake, made on chymical principles to help the operation of shaving 3s and 1s 6d

Smith's celebrated Corn Plaster 3s per box
Ladies and Gentlemen's Pocket Books

Ladies silk Braaces. Elastic worsted and Cotton Garters, and Eau de Cologne

Salt of Lemons for taking out iron mold
•• The best warranted Concave Razors, Elastic

Razor Strops, Shaving Boxes, Dressing Cases, Penknives, Scissors, Tortoise-shell, Ivory and Horn combs, Superfine white starch, Smelling bottles &c.

Ladies and Gentlemen will not only have a saving but have their goods fresh and free from adulteration, which is not the case with imported Perfumery
8 Trunks Marseilles Pomatum

Great allowance to those who buy to sell again

ECONOMICAL AND CONVENIENT CHAMBER-LIGHT,

By means of a Floating Wax Taper which will burn
Ten Hours,

and not consume more than a spoonful of oil, and give a good and sufficient light. They require no particular lamp, but may be burnt in a wine glass, tumbler, or any similar vessel.—Persons who are in the habit of being called up at night, and others requiring or wishing a light during the night (particularly the sick), will find these Tapers exceedingly cheap and convenient.—They are recommended to Publicans to light Segars with during the day.
They are sold at C. Harrison's Book-Store, in boxes containing 50 tapers, at 30 cents per box.

CARDS, HANDBILLS &c. PRINTED AT THIS OFFICE ON MODERATE TERMS.

NEW-YORK,
PUBLISHED BY C. HARRISON
NO. 3 PECK-SLIP.

One Dollar and Fifty Cents per Ann.

PAYABLE HALF IN ADVANCE